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Volume I Number I

STROBE

The Year In Retrospect At North Campus

Broward Community College

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Retrospect I

by Lisa Berman

The 1974-75 academic year at Broward Community College North Campus brought about many exciting changes for students, staff and faculty members, and administrators, not to mention McDonald's Hamburger Monopoly. There were an abundance of "problems," too, ranging from a disorderly parking lot to a disorderly student "government."

If one were to glance at each consecutive issue of the Polaris, beginning from its first September paper, he would logically draw the conclusion that North Campus is plagued with malcontented muckrakers. Complaints ran rampant within the paper; editorials angrily and impatiently barked at the Administration like starve-crazed dogs who saw Dr. Church as an oversized Liver Snap, Dr. Crawford as an overgrown Milk Bone, and Dr. Cox as a giant People Cracker. Of course, some complaints were a bit far-fetched, like the maddening screams of the female student who almost suffered a complete breakdown because there were no signs above the restrooms to designate the sex of its inhabitants.

The most obvious and uncomfortable problem **literally** centered around the parking lot: cars were forced to make room for themselves **around** the lot, in trees, canals, hallways, stopping just short of the unlabeled restrooms to avoid embarrassing anyone who might have been utilizing the only facility that seemed to work efficiently. There were 600 spaces designed to accomodate over 3000 students, which proved to be a severe handicap to those

people who were not able to arrive on campus and "cop a space" before 6 AM.

Growing pains were also felt inside the classrooms, which was a pain in the arse for both students and faculty alike. Students who were fortunate enough to squeeze into their rooms ended up taking a non-credit course in Respiratory Malfunctioning. As they stuck to one another like greasy, smelly sardines (to coin a phrase), lustfully gazing out of the windows at the on-going construction and soulfully praying for an early completion date, they unselfishly took short, panting, laborious breaths to avoid robbing each other of their unalienable right to oxygen. It was reminiscent of the NYC subway system's "A" train at 5:05 PM on 34th Street, except there were no wallets or lives misplaced.

Student publications also initiated an attack on the Administration for thoughtlessly scheduling a French class in the Journalism Office on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, thus making it impossible for "Polaris" and "Poseidon" to function properly (according to their definitions of "Functioning properly"). An angry editorial, appropriately titled **Move Over, Frenchy**, made a startling appearance in the paper, creating a furor as it described the situation.

The school "cafeteria," which in actuality was five or six sick machines that stole money from near-empty student pockets and started epidemics of acute nausea and appetite loss, gave McDonald's absolutely no serious competition. Some students complained that the food was unhealthy and unnutritional, while others were blunt enough to insist that it tasted like rejected dregs (without regard to nutritive content) from the JM Fields' cafeteria. If it wasn't for the pool table in the "student lounge," Building 3 could have served excellently as a Ghost Town. Even the Counseling Department would have deserted had they not been busy tap-dancing in between rolling pool balls, and the Registrar's staff would have cleared out if they had not been increasing their wallet sizes by placing bets on the pool sharks of North Campus.

To break up the monotony of hostility, the Publications students sponsored a visit by Leo Buscaglia, a.k.a. the Love Doctor. He talked about Love and Love and Love at Pompano Beach High School and Central Campus. His presence was so strongly felt

that for the weeks immediately following his visit, LOVE was sticking heavily in the air: students became as sentimental and loving as a mediocre Rod McKuen poem. Some students were more at ease with the hostility that prevailed before the Good Doctor's lecture. Even the newspaper lost its flair; with all the gooey talk there was no room for complaints.

Student government, which went under the title of Student Concerns Board, was more "concerned" with falling apart than with meeting student needs. Although the group's intentions were the best, its actions had no more bearing on student "activity" than did those of the horny construction workers who hammered on the Women's Facility and drilled peepholes in the roof.

The most exciting change, by far, was the establishment of North Campus's Home Grown Coffee House. It served as a Friday night retreat where students could play music, recite original poetry, and set fire to the shrubbery in a congenial, homey atmosphere. It enjoyed such success that it increased its performers list, thus enabling it to be held bi-weekly rather than monthly.

If the same person who read the "Polaris" issues from the beginning of Term 1 were to visit the campus at this time, he would logically draw the conclusion that North Campus is composed of hard-working, caring, and loving students, staff, faculty members, and administrators. The parking has and is still being extended, the French class can-canned its way into another room, the machines have been abandoned and a newly designed student lounge and cafeteria have been instituted (giving Ronald McD a migraine headache), the Student Concerns Board is still dealing with problems as they come up (they're still coming up, but at a much slower rate), and the Coffee House is now being held **outdoors**, under the star (Oh! the shrubbery!).

BCCN is a unique institution: students can complain, scream, knock doors down, strike, and suck their thumbs in protest, but underneath it all is a magnetism that exists nowhere else: there is a special understanding and compassion that draws the entire campus population closer as time progresses. Those of us who are leaving North Campus this year can rant and rave in another place, although we won't realize until we are gone that this place is the best in which to create a ruckus.





TRIX

by Pat Callahan

Since this is the first issue of "STROBE," I thought it only fitting to write about firsts.

We all read about firsts. In our history books, we read about the first President. In our newspapers, we read about the first man on the moon. We're constantly being bombarded by firsts and at times, the first can get very boring.

Here are a few firsts you will probably never see covered again.

Your First Crush;

I don't know how you handled your first crush, but I wasn't too subtle about the whole thing. My first crush took place while I was seven years old. His name was Ricky Sullivan and he was eight years old. I used to chase him around the dining room table, threaten to beat him up, tackle him and make him kiss me. Ricky and I really liked each other, but Ricky's parents weren't too thrilled about me.

Your First Kiss;

Now I'm not talking about your first little peck on the cheek, I'm talking about your first real kiss. I was scared! I was asking myself questions, such as: "Am I going to do it right? Do I close my eyes: What do I do with those long, gangly arms hanging at my side, if anything?" This first kiss was another disaster. I feel very sorry for the poor guy now. I wore braces and he got caught up in the horrible mouthpiece. That was my first kiss and last kiss from him.

Your First Date;

First dates are kind of strange. Can you remember how thrilled you were? Your mother finally decided that it was now the time for you and she to have that long talk about what good girls do and don't do on first dates. You were ready an hour early. Your mother, father, sister, neighbor and half of China were there waiting for your date to arrive.

Your date arrived and your parents played the 20 question game. What does your father do? Where are you going? What evil do you have in mind for my innocent baby? Well, my father owns a hardware store that will some day be mine; I thought we might grab a bite to eat. What this really meant was, we were going to go to the drive-in to see a dirty movie, mess around and then stop off at the beach.

The Drive In;

I decided I was really going to act like I knew what was going on. I sat about four feet away from him, hung onto the door handle (in case I wanted to make a quick exit). When we arrived at the drive-in, his first statement was "let's hop into the backseat." That terrible feeling called fear ran through my body. "Uhhhhhhh, I can really see

better from the front seat." I looked up at him expecting him to agree and all he did was shake his head. "You thought we came to the drive-in to watch the movie. Oh, no! what did I get stuck with?" It was my belief that people went to the drive-in to watch the movie. I now know that people don't go to the drive-in to watch the movie, they go to "mess around."

The Beach;

What can you say about the beach? When you arrived at the beach you thought you were going to gaze at the beauty of the stars and the water — and whisper sweet nothings in each others ears. WRONGO! Your date really had other things in mind. Out came the old Army blanket that belonged to this brother. He invited you to come lie down beside him and you told him that you thought the reason you came here was to look at the stars. "Well we'll make our own stars." At this point you suddenly remembered that you had to be home in 15 minutes. Can you remember trying to brush the sand off, all the while thinking about what your mom was going to say. She told me to "come home clean," whatever that meant.

Your First Hickey;

Those were the horrible little splotches that appeared on your neck as well as other parts of your body. It was easier to hide them in the winter with a turtle neck sweater, but in the summer your mother always suspected something when you wore a turtle neck over your bathing suit.

Hickeys were a sign to your friends that you had been out. To mothers they were a sign that you had been messing around. Can you remember the excuses? You burnt your neck with the blow dryer while drying your hair, a big ugly bug bit you on the neck, or the old, old, old line: "While we were at the park the other day Tommy hit a fly ball and it hit me in the neck and you know how easy I bruise."

Your First Blind Date;

My first blind date was a traumatic experience. This sweet friend of mine decided that she would set me up with her boyfriend's room-mate. Chris didn't bother to tell me that he was 23 years old and only 5'4". That might not sound so bad to some of you, but if you are only 15 and you happend to reach 5'8" at the time, it can be very traumatic. This was another drive-in experience. My so-called friend and her boyfriend left the car and went to the snack bar to get some pop corn, but it took them over an hour. That meant that I had to sit in the car at the drive-in for over an hour with a person I didn't know. That's what I call disaster.

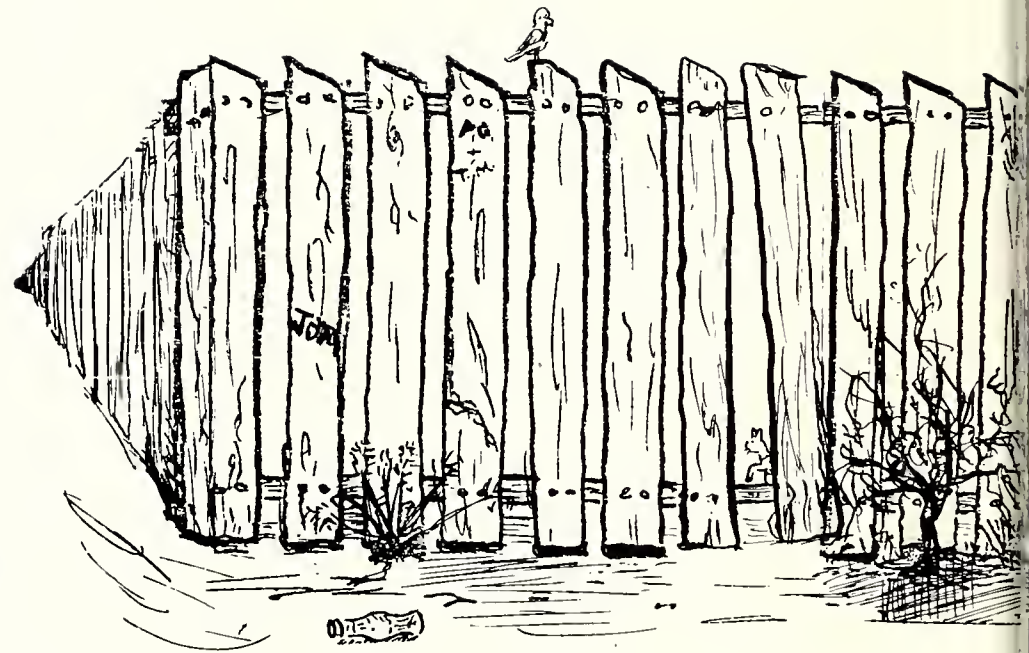
Remember, "There has to be a first time."

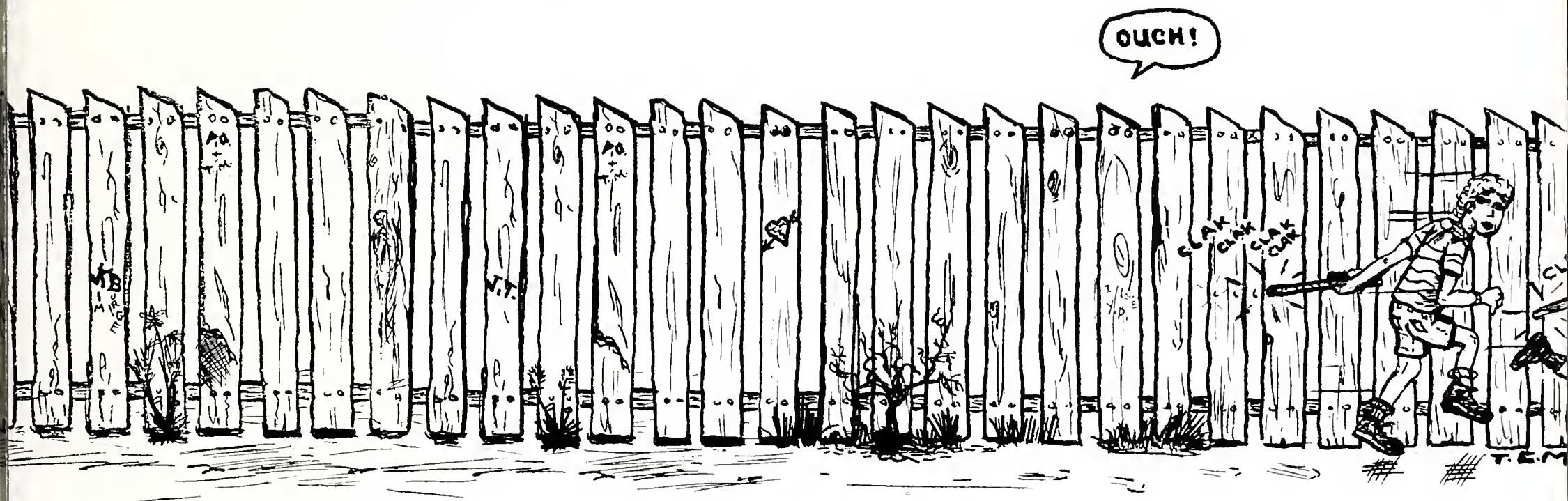


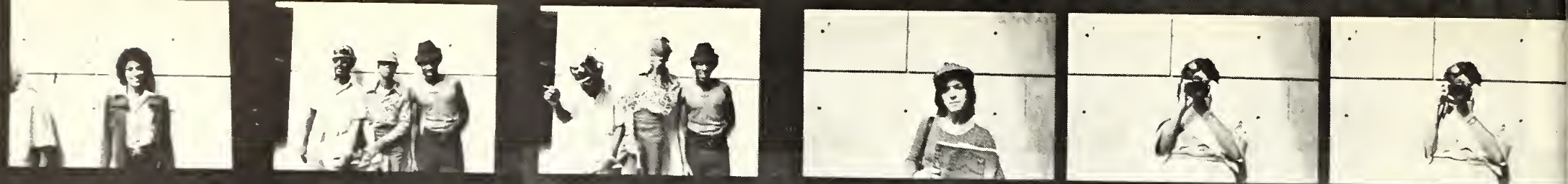
Will the real Trix please . . .

I'm a man, hung up on reality;
But where have they hidden it?
My world seems plastic, the people are sick;
surely there are some who care,
I am made to be gentle and happy;
My heart still has love and I'll share;
But we'll never find each other;
Though you need a friend;
and I need. . .
unless. . .
. . .

by Tom McCarthy







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KODAK TRI X PAN FILM

KODAK TRI X PAN FILM



KODAK TRI X PAN FILM

KODAK TRI X PAN FILM

Faces



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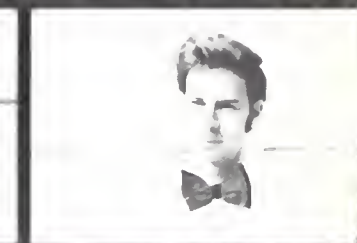
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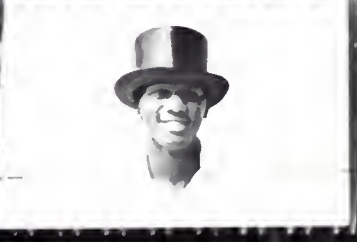
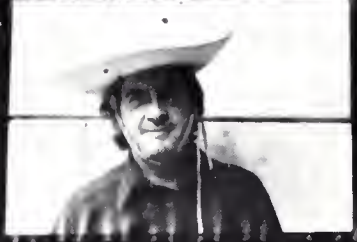
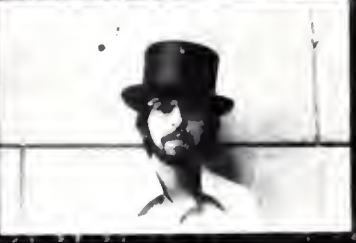
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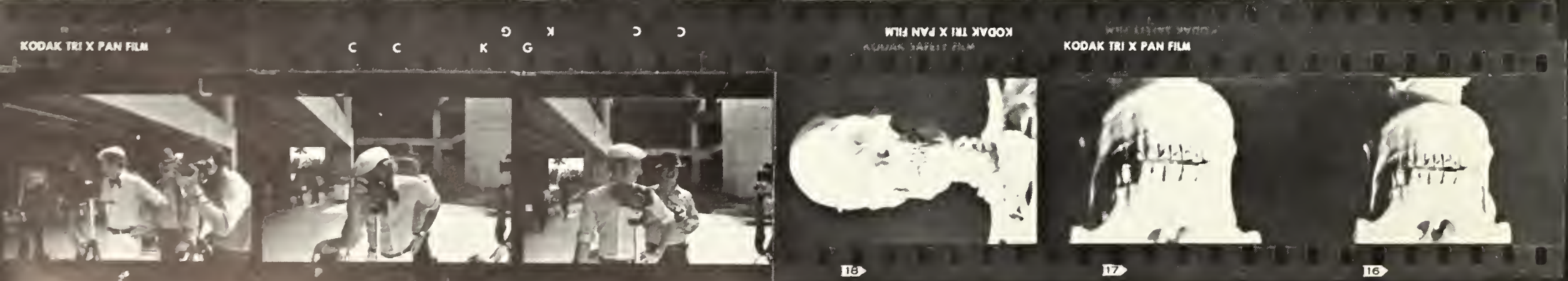
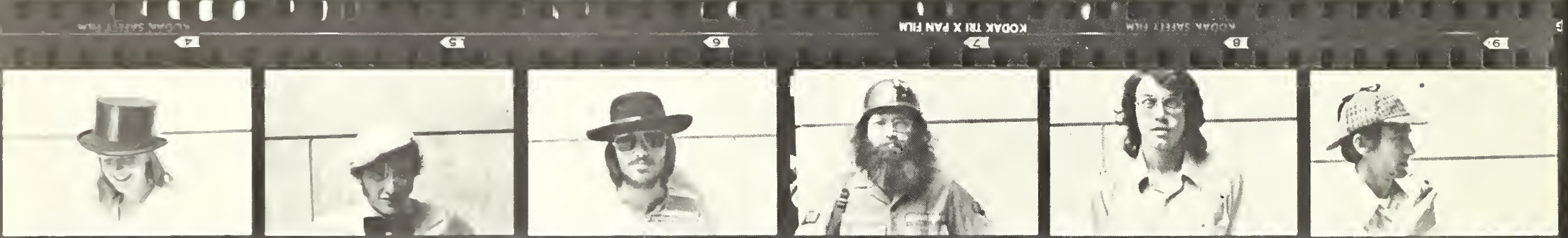
KODAK SAFETY FILM







by Tom, Mike and Bruce



Retrospect II

by Steven Danzinger

I left my troubles behind, and walked along a street — which was no different from any other. Yet, it was unique in one aspect; it had a succession of Penny Arcades on each side.

I could have played the pinball game, or the glass-enclosed baseball game, but I didn't. Instead, the strobecope caught my attention. I dropped a dime into the coin slot, pressed the start button, and peered into the peephole. And there it was — one scene following another.

The Senate **Watergate** Committee was talking to Judge **Sirica's** sugarbowl while **Nixon** raised his eyebrows and made everything clear. A kaleidoscope appeared, followed by construction men, a **Christmas tree**, a cracked car window, a black statue with an arm next to it and other eyefuls. Next, **Freddy and Freak** moved from side to side saying, "Buzz Off!" and **Trix**, smoking her cigarette, straightened herself **From Boobs to Butts**. **Mark Twain** appeared from the shadows looking witty as usual while munching on an **Animal Cracker** and asking what happened to the **Student Concern's Board**. When the picture cleared again, **Jerry Albertine** was signing a resignation, and next to him, **Leo Buscaglia** was writing a **Valentine's Day** card to someone who never got one. At this point the French students were seen moving out of the journalism room and acknowledging Dr. Crawford's message, a future shock of what was to come. They were followed by **Larcelous Edwards** talking to his friends in the new **cafeteria** where students waited for **Police** to rap about their campus policy. Suddenly, the **Trotters** came forth and threw a basketball on **Candy Downing's** platform. And somebody's voice suggested that the person **Waiting for the Rains** take the **oil** from the **Red Vase** where the **Lizard-Child** was. This picture vanished and another showed everyone **Feelin' Good** at the **Coffee House**. Abruptly, **Poseidon** came forth waving the North Star over **Gerald Ford's** head while from a sand trap he hit a ball which landed in Solzenitsyn's lap and rolled into the **circle** under **Author's** feet where a baby lay expressing his **Opinion** by crying. All the pictures disappeared and **John Day** came into view singing **I Got Stoned and Missed It** followed by total darkness. What a peephole for just a dime! There was another viewer next door. I put a dime into this one, pressed the start button, peered in, and. . .





Wednesday Activities Hour





Vibrations





HOME-GROWN Coffee HOUSE



Larry Ellis –
the man behind the music
got it all together for
North Students own
Coffee House.







MUSIC DEPARTMENT







He is Leo

He is Love

We Shared

and Grew

Together. . . .

January 16, 1975

gmh



★ Retrospect III ★

by Wally Shebet

Many things come into focus when you try to evaluate the athletic program at North Campus this year. It was not an entirely fun year; an extremely low budget (\$15 a week for varsity athletes on scholarships to live on), a question of rape on the basketball team and the continuing story of Apathy-is-a-Very-Splendored-Thing made their impact on the serenity of the construction scene here. There were, however, many happy things to record as our athletes racked up exciting victories for North Campus.

"I'm Hot For The Trotters!" was a slogan struck up by the well-organized Booster Club for our fantastic Broward North basketball team this year. Our team was ranked as the best junior college in the entire state of Florida early in the season and lived up to its rating with seven initial victories. The Trotters faltered during midseason with a rape charge brought against three starters on the team. The starters came back soon and so did the Bob Stinnett-led Trotters with seven more consecutive victories where they counted at the end of the season. This qualified our team to enter the state tournament for the second season in a row. Our Trotters were defeated by an excellent team at state but we will always think of the '74-'75 Trotters as number one in our hearts. . .

Our tennis teams are again among the best in Florida junior college competition. An important factor for this plaudit is South Florida's excellent climate for year round training, some great recruiting on the coaching staffs' part and a returning crew of experienced sophomores who are serving their prowess over the net consistently. With womens' coach, Jan Parke, leading the female netters and mens' coach, Brooks Whettlin, guiding the male racqueteers onto bigger and better conquests, the outlook is bright for tennis at North Campus. . .

Womens' Volleyball has finally become a sport at BCC-N. Although the season wasn't a winning one for the spikin' Trotters, they gained valuable experience against collegiate rivals. Next year coach Jan Parke anticipates a better schedule and season with her returning novices. . .

Overall, things weren't so bad at North Campus this year in athletics. The one stipulation is — it could have been much better with a few breaks going our way. Who knows? Maybe Broward North's lucky day is just around the minimester. . .



The group with Platformate went farther. . .



"A great shot if I must say so myself"





☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

☆ Athletics ☆

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆



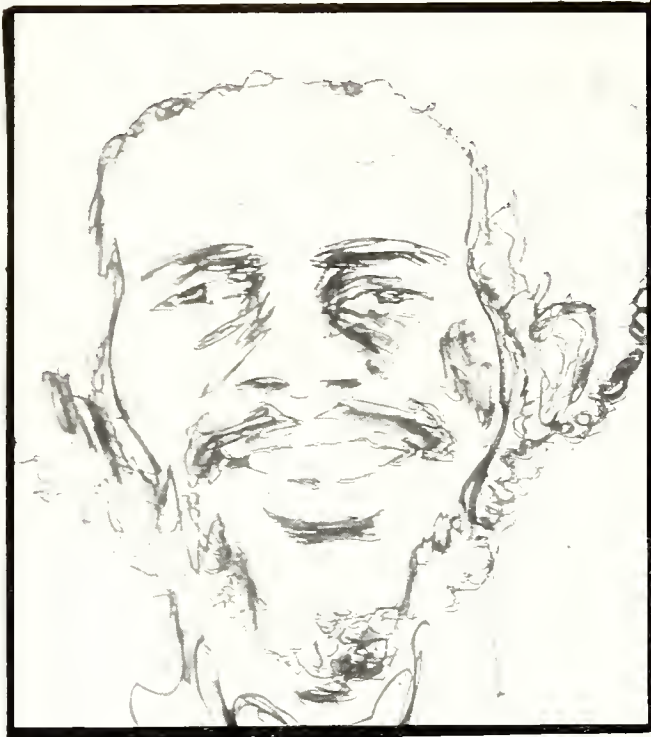
With her new shoes she can run
faster and jump higher!



"Betcha a quarter I make it"



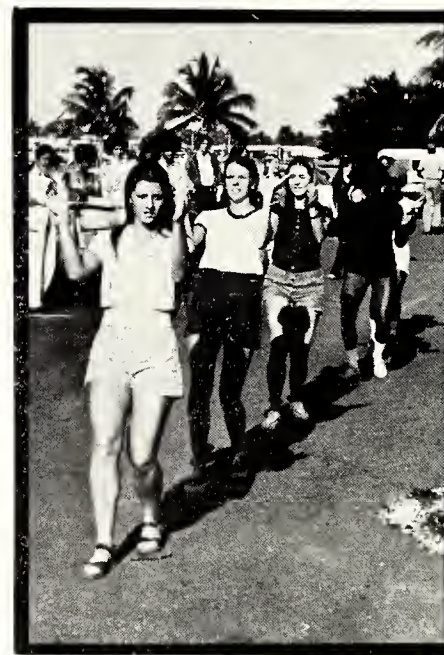
Joining a team can be such a pain



"Art the Dart" Kitchen



"Big Al" Sutton



"We got the fever, we can't be stopped!"



"Yeah, I
in the

I don't know much abo

"Lem the Gem" Johnson



long Andy
s the board. . ."

know what I like!



"... Hit'em where it hurts, smash their zone defense, and cripple their fast break. These things we ask in thy name . . . amen!"



"Ike the Iceman" Mims



Ivery "Soul" Williams



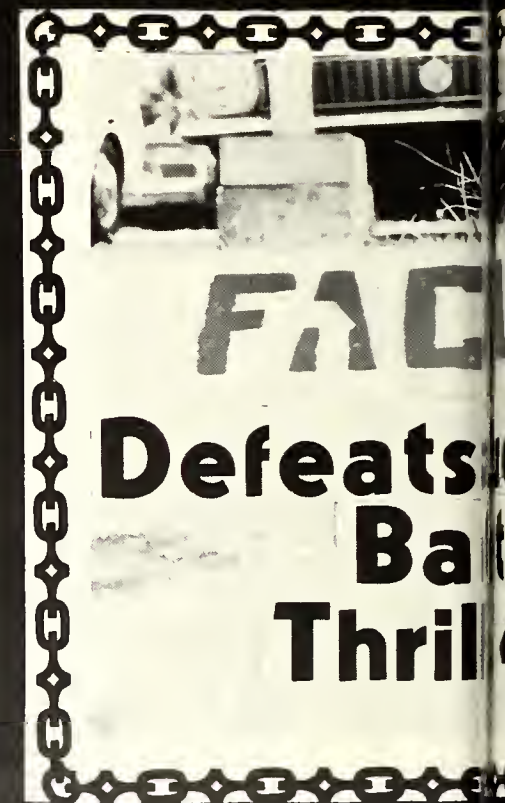
It's amazing what some guys will do for a quarter



Get down with some
funky stuff, cheerleaders!



If he was just a silly millimeter longer



Come on now — i

STY **idents in** **otball** **44-42**



ad if you lose. . .



**Captain Shirley —
the baddest cheerleader around**



English 101 was never this tough. . .



My Hero Eric!



Classes,
Students,
Instructors,
Administrators...

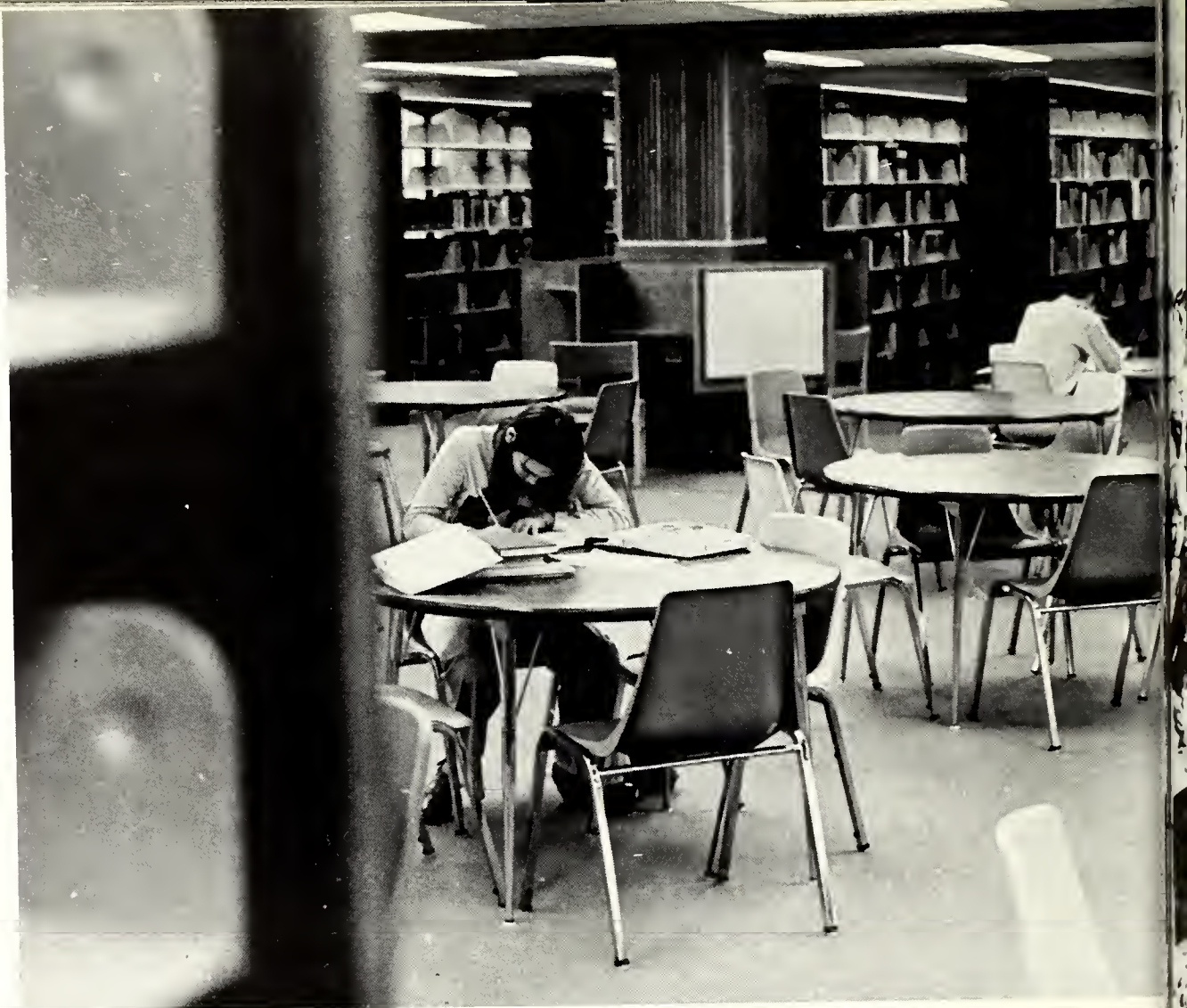
People



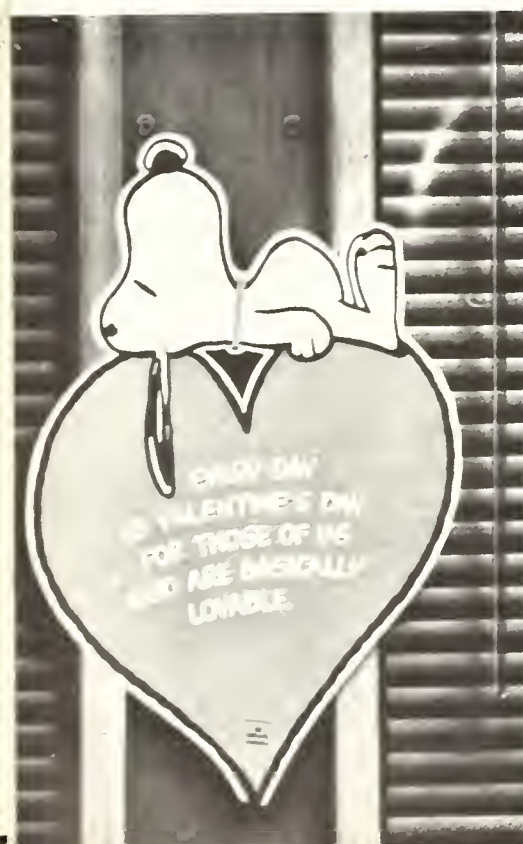


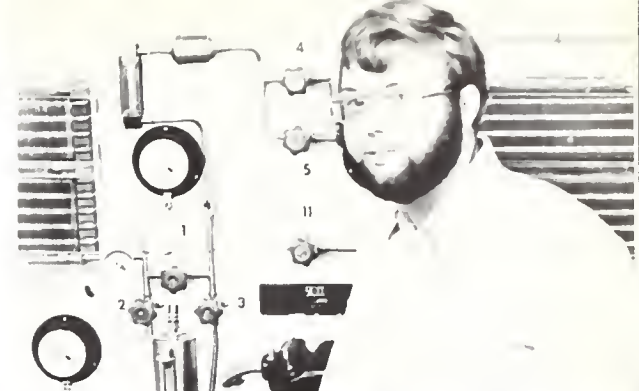
















Retrospect IV

by Michael Berlyn

"Why I love my Earth Shoes," in 25 words or less, by Mike Berlyn. They're comfortable.

That was less than 25 words, wasn't it? Good, I was afraid I might go over the limit. All seriousness aside, though, they are an interesting pair of shoes. The heel is only a half-an-inch high, and it makes walking on level ground like walking up a hill, unless you're walking down a hill. Then it's like walking on level ground. Don't ask me what it's like walking **up** a hill. . . I haven't figured that out yet.

Confused? I thought so. I know I am.

When I first tried them on, they were the most uncomfortable things I'd had on my feet since two cement blocks (considerately provided by my ex-loan shark.) The dude in the store asked me how they felt, so I told him.

"Are you kidding me? These things aren't shoes, they're a cleverly designed communist torture smuggled into this country to undermine my arches."

"I'm glad you like them," he said. "Is that cash or charge?"

"Charge," I told him.

"Will you wear them?"

"Yes, I said foolishly. Little did I know that in just three short days, my left foot would be smiling at me, thanking me for thinking and caring about it so much, but the right foot. . .

After I wore them for a little while, I found out they didn't fit correctly. When I went back to the store, I told the very same salesman the problem.

"It's your feet," he said. "You don't have a matched set of feet. No one does."

"It's the shoes," I told him. "There's nothing wrong with my feet. I don't want my money back. . . just a new pair of shoes."

"It's your feet," he said.

"Well, it may very well be my feet," I started. "You see, I hit with my feet."

"Oh?"

"Yeah."

"Karate?" he asked.

"No, Chinese Boxing. The original Karate."

"You're right," he said. "It's the shoes."

He brought out four different styles, three pairs in each, and then proceeded to fit me. He was very nice after that.



Sketch by Beth Ackerman

... so I was feelin' kinda sorry for the old girl. She was sitting alone, singing, cryin' and swaying on he bar stool, knocking over her drink and the guys next to her! Really pathetic. I felt sorry for the old girl. She could've been me mudder, ya' know.

I walked over to her and said, 'C'mon lady, I'll get you home. She was touched.

Half way down the road, She looks up me an' says "Oh, honey! yer pash-ionet." I was just trying to hold her up! Honest!

"Yer pashionate" OK lady says I, but where do you live? "I've been tryin' to tell ya" she yells! "Your pashin' it!"

Boy, your down buddy? What's on your mind?

Hey girl! We know what yer thinkin, ya' bigot!

Oh wow, John! my chicks gettin' married!

cool it, man! She was just upset 'cause you spilt yor coffee, again.

Bummer. Who to?

Me!

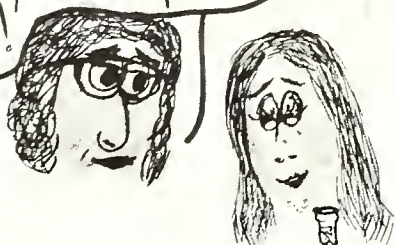
Double Bummer!

No, man! we pay our dime. No Foxy, chick pushin' dishes, smellin' like a hamburger and wearin' a super-short dress is gonna look down her cute little nose at us.

Will you cool it?

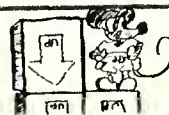
No way, Jose. I'm gonna' tell her just what I think... I think I LOVE you!

You Turkey.



Counter Intelligence

by Tom
McCarthy



The Incomplete List of Graduates for 74-75

Vincent, Timothy Paul
 Bargas, Susan J.
 Belotto, Joseph Christopher
 Berdar, Julie Ann
 Blow, Martha Jean
 Coats, Jesse F.
 Cussick, Michael John
 Dahl, Peter Paul
 Decker, Elisa Trombetta
 DiNardo, Angela
 Doolittle, James Ryan
 Fajen, Nancy E.
 Hazelton, Deborah
 Grushka, Stacy Mara
 Guardino, Russell Anthony
 Herring, Deborah Bernston
 Herron, Thomas Eugene
 Jacobs, Janice Maxine
 Johnson, Pamela Lynn
 Kearns, Denise Mary
 Kennedy, Christopher
 Klein, Holly Sue
 LaVigne, Candice Lynn
 Margrabia, Florence E.
 Martin, Deborah Suzanne
 Miller, Elaine Rose
 Mrachek, Mary Ann
 Tombros, Frederick Carroll
 Robinson, Elizabeth Dianne
 Posso, Audrey P.
 Schuler, George E.
 Shebet, Walter Lawrence
 Small, Jr., Thomas Charles
 Spooner, Roy Arthur
 Stearns, Mary M.
 Summer, Joel Galen
 Wells, Julie
 Gilbert, Barbara Ann
 Whiteside, Bridgett Dawn
 Bukata, Jr., John
 Filippazzo, Deborah Grace Marie
 Bolton, Sharon Lynn Davis

Cox, Gladys E.
 Atha, Bobbye J.
 Wiener, Maria Ausrota
 Wolter, Gertrude Phillips
 Beierwaltes, Gustave Arthur
 Buechner, Marla Jean
 Davis, Marjorie Elizabeth
 Frisoli, Rocco
 Habib, Jaynee Ellen
 Cornett, Michael Benton
 Dorsett, Stephen M.
 Olukolu, Olusoji Olubola
 Rohrsted, Diane
 Siedentoph, Leland
 Valentine, Amy D.
 Van Derven, Judith Marie
 Vlasak, William R.H.
 Benjamin, Clara M.
 McCray, Sandra Elaine
 Rudolph, Teresa Lynn
 Miller III, Leonzo Emanuel
 Lawless, Wanda Lee
 Drake, Jane Adelaide
 Bonadio, Elizabeth Gable
 Gillon, Elizabeth Mary
 Rudolph, Sharon McKinney
 Adams, Carole Urcell
 Agresti, Deborah Jean
 Bonura, Ann Marie
 Cornish, Ida P.
 DeKuiper, Linda Jean
 Fitzsimmons, Michael Kevin
 Howell, Marian Elizabeth
 Larson, Janet Holtz
 Martino, Claire Denise
 Ralph, Cheryl Joy
 Schonvisky, Linda Lee
 Scott, Mignon
 Smith, Winnie Vee
 Thomas, Willie Mae
 Tribbey, Faith Blood
 Walkup, Jacquelyn Elaine

Chase, Nancy Linda
 White, Chantal Cornelia
 White, James W.
 Williams, Leon
 Gagne, Danyelle Andree
 White, Robert Edward
 Rinaldi, Jerry J.
 Scott, Randall M.
 Bradshaw, Jr., Joseph Andrew
 Healy, Richard John
 Klazkin, Steven Brian
 Anderson, Gail Karen
 Catron, Joyce L.
 Cooper, Albert Edward
 Cunningham, Barbara Jean
 Gepfrich, Patricia Louise
 Lowe, Jamie Sue
 Sutorka, Lena M.
 Sutton, Emily Lou
 Ankeny, Karen Ann
 Eng, Patricia Ann
 Carlson, Carole Lynn
 Hayes, Leone
 Holden, Susan Kay
 Jernigan, Mark Alan
 Lyons, Sara Pattison
 Mishalanie, Jr., John Henry
 Pummer, Thomas Joseph
 Studley, Michael Warren
 Tortorelli, Carol
 Butler, Priscilla Elizabeth
 Givens, Larry D.
 Lewis, Allen Edward
 Perrone, Wendy Anguilm
 Sheppo, Charlene Frances
 Strand, Melanie Karen
 Wiegge, Barbara Jean
 Williams, Todd Thomas
 Chamberlain, Louis Girton
 Gonzalez, Norberto
 Butland, Rochelle Landry
 Buxton, Jr., William L.

Hackett, Dena Marline
 Holman, Michael Kelly
 Hoy, Jill Diane
 Hutchinson, Dale Patrick
 McIntyre, Lisa Darlene
 Meilahn, Douglas E.
 Meyers, Mary Frances
 Moore, Deborah Marie
 Sobol, Katherine Ann
 Ardolino, John Anthony
 Campbell, Carolyn Ruth
 Chocano, Hugo A.
 Douglas, Donald Lamar
 Forbes, Vaughn Anthony
 Greenhalgh, Jr., John Robert
 Haas, Vickie Lynne
 Harton, William Ayres
Heilig, Glorianne Mandes (YEA!)
 Lysiak, Brenda Sue
 Marhefka, RoseMarie Ann
 Nargiz, Douglas H.
 Patchen, Olivia Mary
 Rodi, John William
 Strauss, Frank
 Thomas, MaryJo Ann
 Wilde, Jeffrey Melvin
 Freeman, Brian Harold
 Barner, Leketia Petencil
 Bodkin, Michael Robert
 Fowler, E.A.
 Haynes, Richard Dennis
 Keeve, Joscelyn A.
 Kubas, Raymond J.
 Lighthill, Linda Jo
 Massey, James Lester
 Peschl, Jr., Adrian Tell
 Widmer, Myrna T.
 Mallory, Betty S.
 Snider, Judith R.
 Core, Debra Lee
 Rudaitis, Vytautas E.
 Rusnak, Kathleen Reif

Daily, Mary Beth
 DeFlumeri, Patricia Rose
 Demmery, David Raymond
 Dissette, Laurie Jane
 Downing, Candy Robbins
 Dinkel, Jr., Robert Arthur
 Duru, Clement Nlewemchukwu
 DuVall, James William
 Eason, Jr., Robert M.
 Epstein, Rhoda C.
 Feingold, Mike
 Freeze, Charles Lee
 Fulmore, Ella Mae
 Gilbert, Karen Lynn
 Graham, Holly Ann
 Grealy, Anne Marie
 Hudson, John Richard
 Hurst, Brenda Janise
 Jarrett, Donald M.
 Kata, Andrea Louise
 Kata, Arlene Mary
 Kincaid, Susan Gene
 Klees, Cynthia Jean
 Kohler, Katherine Ann
 Korfage, Margaret Renee
 Lamar, Eddie Lee
 Margolis, Amy Hope
 McCray, Lewis Ervin
 Moreno, Maria Victoria
 Murray, Michael Scott
 Norton, Gary Peter
 Olson, Robert Edward
 Oriend, Lydia Gay
 Piser, Patrice C.
 Pittman, Charles William
 Roberts, Melanie Denise
 Sabo, Jr., Stephen George
 Schick, Jr., Kenneth Holmes
 Silvera, Douglas Robert
 Schwenke, James Scott
 Shuman, Barbara Ann
 Smith, Jr., Standford Lee
 Smyth, Brian Perry
 Usbeck, Bonnie Robertson
 Vanhove, Margaret

Nix, Sharon S.
 Norris, Gwynn June
 Plati, Teresa Lucille
 Robertson, Susan
 Rosen, Jody Beth
 Sellner, Sally Jeanne
 Shelton, Mary F.
 Soul, Susan Marie
 Sprissler, Daniel Louis
 Subjinski, Stanley Joseph
 Tadd, Debra Ann
 Wyatt, Shelley Lynn
 Steele, Shirley Margueriete
 Guthrie, Ronald Anthony
 Carracher, Candance L.
 Cimato, Cheryl Dawn
 Eniss, Lynne Paulette
 Hart, Deborah Lynn
 Hesseling, Georgiann Jean
 Langlais, Elaine E.
 Lewis, Gwendolyn Aletha
 Mott, Deborah Ann
 Slichter, William Randolph
 Thompson, Janet Heil
 Kemp, Charlotte Ann
 Larkins, Desi Arnez
 Regner, Michael Mathias
 Quimbley, Mary Catherine
 DiMattina, Frances Rose
 Magee, Rosanne U.
 Waters, Blair S.
 Andersen, Michele Lynn
 Arnold, Charles Lawrence
 Ashley, Rubye Lynette
 Aspinwall, Peter
 Barker, Linda Curtis
 Berlot, Mary Anne
 Bloch, Douglas Richard
 Bratter, Edward George
 Campbell, Claudette Rae
 Campbell, Nina Mae
 Carter, Gail Virginia
 Caskey, Thomas Floyd

Thanks Bob . . .



Down every road one can find beauty if only he looks for it. Have beautiful days.

Kathy Spanton

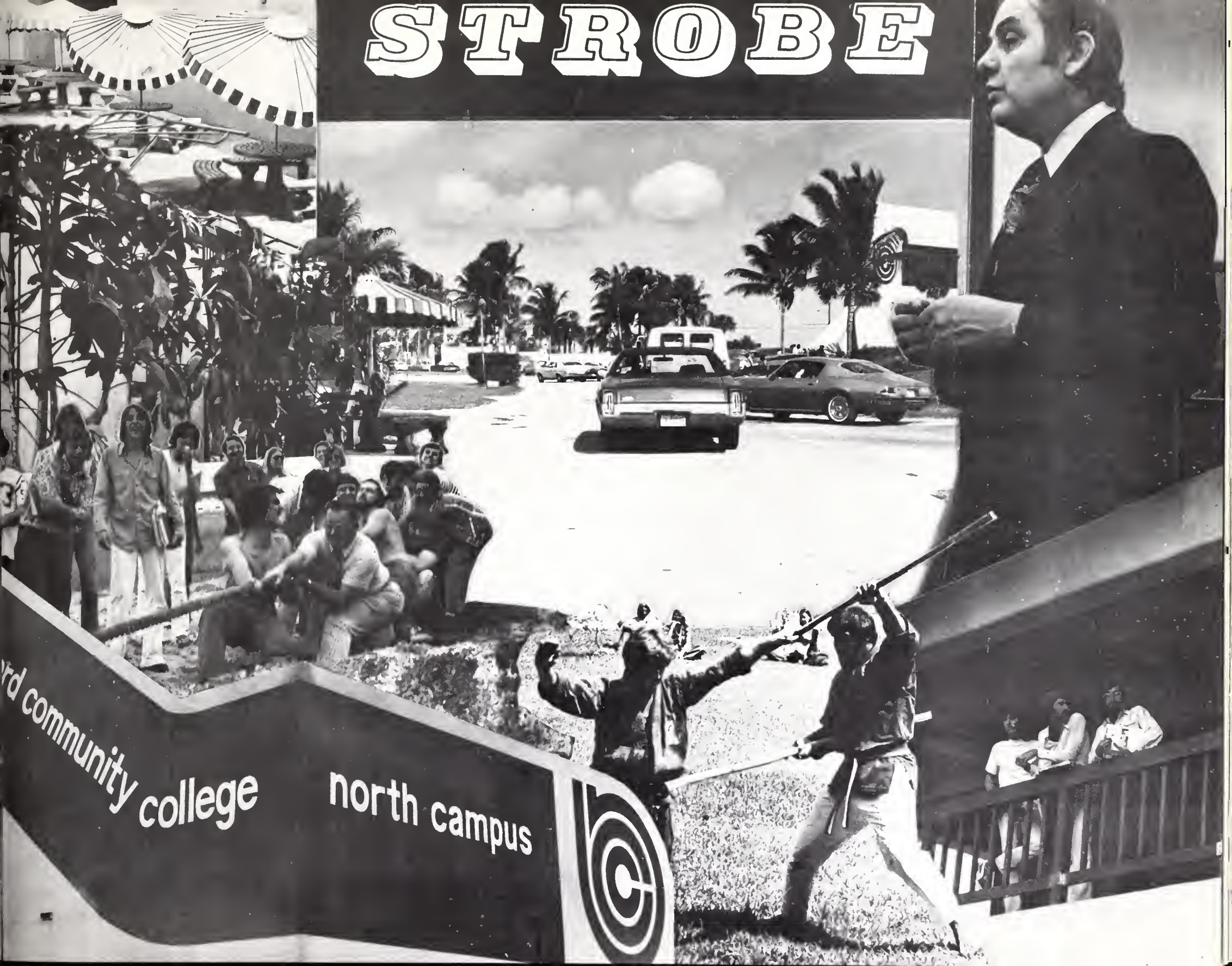


Later . . .





STROBE



rd community college

north campus





STROBE



Volume 2 Number 1 The Year In Retrospect At North Campus Broward Community College
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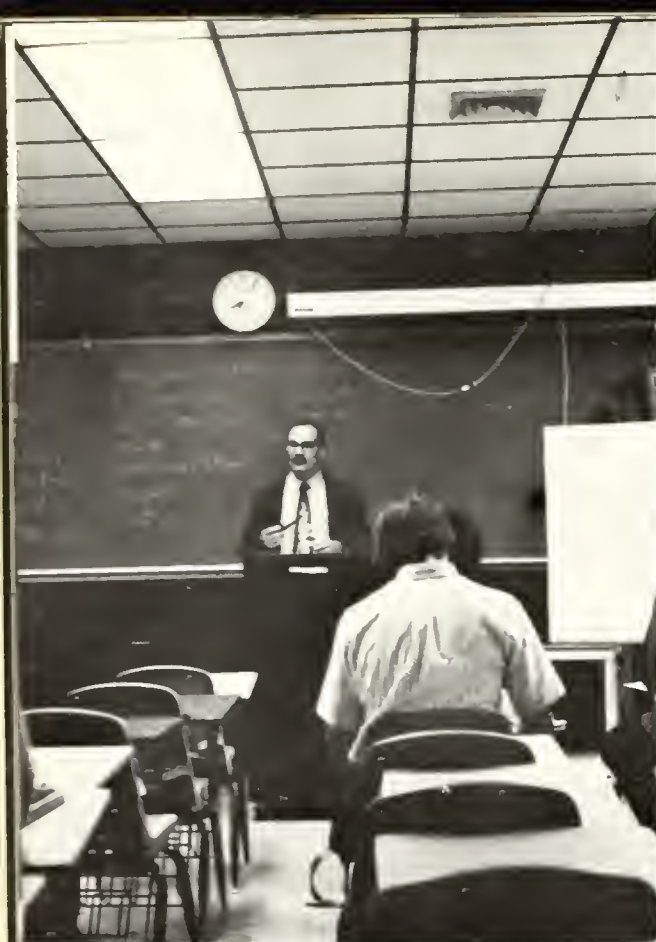
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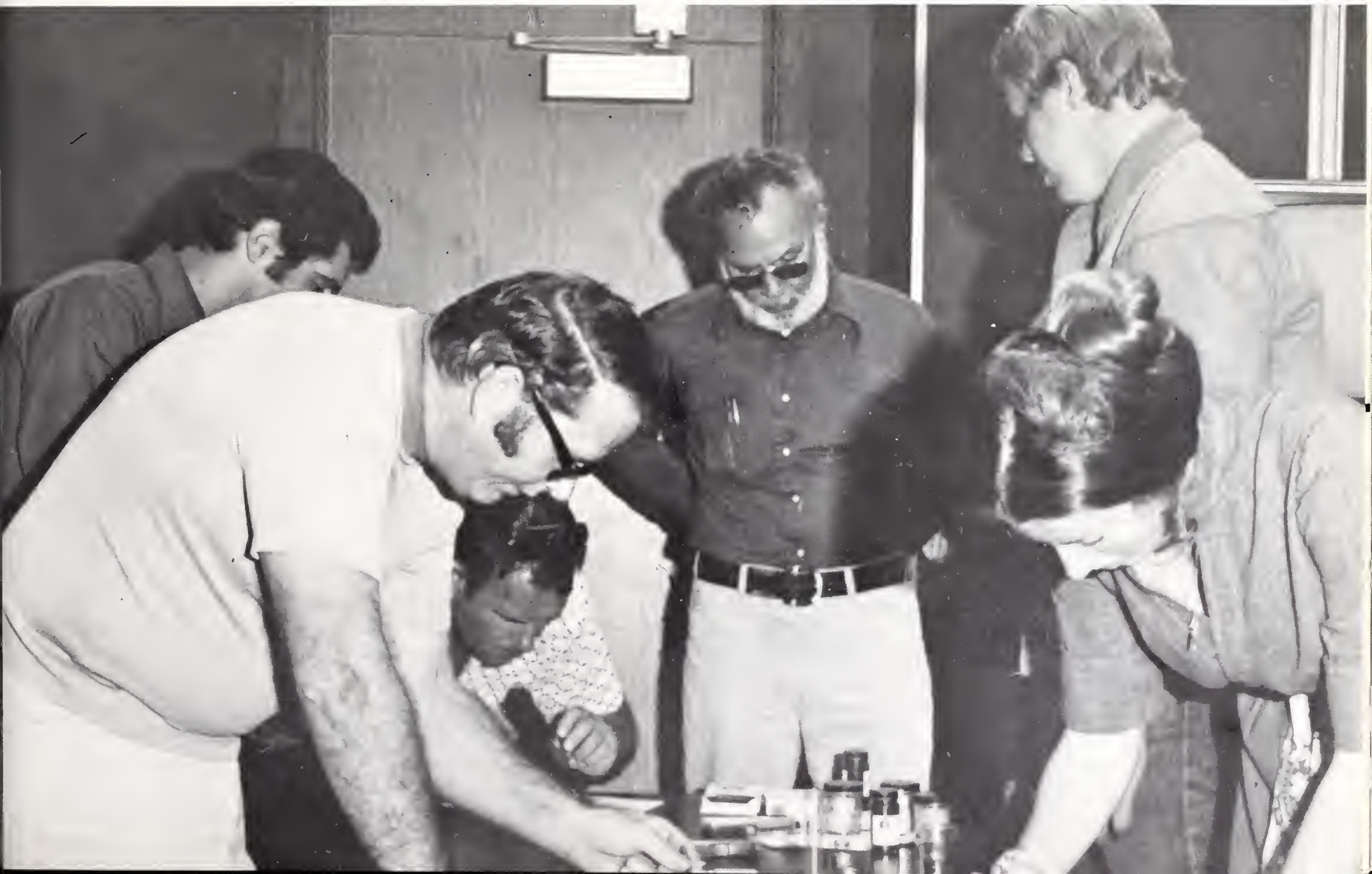
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... Classes ... Classes ... Classes ... Classes ... Classes



lasses . . . Classes . . . Classes . . . Classes . . . Classes . . . Classes . . . Classes . . .



R E T R O S P E C T

It started with Orientation.

I couldn't have known better, being just a high school graduate. I received this thing in the mail, saying, hey, come to Orientation. Freshmen do these things. I went.

That Orientation was something else. We walked around in parades, drank punch, acted cool. High school friends and enemies greeted each other as if they were returning from a war. Faculty members smiled, showing glistening teeth that hadn't ripped since the last term. Everyone was ready.

But how can you be ready for BCC?

That first Activities hour — what was that? Never did our high school bother with such things. A Mobile radio unit from WRBD showed up and played amplified music all over the domain. James T., disc jockey, gave out stickers, records, and albums, free. And there were hot dogs. . . free!

Discoveries of disappearing parking places came about. The bookstore installed a Knox bank to harbor all the money they were getting from impoverished students. Students were getting medical attention after passing out from waiting days on end in line at the bookstore. Classes were changed and deleted. Student government was going to try to function. Clubs were recruiting.

That first couple of weeks, boy.

I liked the sudden freedom that we were given. Hey, you could smoke in class! You could just hang around and not have a muscled enforcer escort you to class. You could be weird, and nobody could shive a git.

A thing called Coffee House cropped up. They continued throughout the term. It was a bunch of people, each with exhibitional tendencies, who got up on a stage and played various instruments of the musical type.

These guys who called themselves Uncle Jubal played at Wednesday At Noon, the title of the Activities hour. It started a trend of performers who begged to come to our campus to entertain us. There was a rumor that they were paid, but I don't know. . .

On our tremendous Newspaper, the POLARIS, great strides of progress were evident. It looked pretty bad, and it was pretty bad, but, a saving grace, friends, Tim Barrett started an artistic redemption of a comic strip. It wasn't funny, but it looked nice. This little funny man that looks like Ziggy stood every week by a logo of Agamemnon. That was Pat (ricia) Callahan's attempt at humor. It could be said that she succeeded. Made me laugh.

These fellows called Don S. Harvey and Larcelous Edwards Jr. ran for Student Government Association Chairpeople. It was never clear if they were running against each other, with each other, or if at all. But one thing was sure. . . Don Harvey was elected to be placed in the BCC time capsule.

A wandering horde of thirsty Vampires settled around the campus during late September. They conducted a "Blood Drive". Grossed me out. However, they squeezed 59 pints of Blood out of some of our BCC people. (I think they donated the carcasses of those seven people to the Biology classes.)

People went crazy around here, Wednesday at noon hosted Chop Chop guys who could break things with their hands, heads. They broke things like rocks. It was bizarre.

The music department started a thing called "Music at Noon," which took place during the Wednesday at Noon Activities hour. Music students would give recitals during these moments. I often went to see how people could perform under stress. They were always nervous, like rabbits or something. But they played, on the

whole, very well. Quite a bunch of carroters.

Coconut Creek police began to patrol the campus, check license plates, give tickets, the usual police stuff. Students were perturbed, but the ruse wore off. They soon became standard fixtures.

The freshmen by now belonged; they knew what was going on. You couldn't fool them. They quit dressing up, let their hair be a bit ragged, swaggered a little. One freshman wisened up and wrote this with blood on the wall:

They really can't tell, you know.

They don't want to make you feel like an idiot. They just think that you're playing the part. They can't tell you **really** think that the school is made of jello and that the Coconut Creek police ride around on merry-go-round ponies. . .

The school was besieged with the lack of anything happening. The school paper sagged even more (possible?) with pages filled of parties to be, things to be, but never heard of again.

Then it finally happened. What, you ask? The first North Campus play materialized. It was called, "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail."

Intramural Sports started off on the campus with an Olympic Day. Normal stuff took place, like bubble a gum blowing contest, races, volleyball, and tugs of war over mud holes.

Plans were made to have a traffic light put up at the front of the school. (Another example, besides the parking, of the traffic problem at BCC North.)

A gospel group showed up for a Wednesday at noon.

A student-faculty football game.

Poseidon (the Literary Magazine) neared completion.

The POLARIS carried a tournament between Janice Williams (defender of a faith) and Meredith Gramlich (defender of a belief). Again bizarre.

A new building (8) started rising out of the ground. It gave the girls something to salivate over (construction workers) and took away parking spaces (oh, no!). Then the fellas working on the thing went on strike.

The Poseidon went to the printer, but never came back. Enter law suit, no Poseidon for the term, and a lot of work and no show.

Not all grew worse. The POLARIS improved a little. More copy, more interest.

Then the group "Uranus" came to Wednesday at noon. Very loud. Sayings like, "Put your ear to Uranus" and such raucous material was voted out of Polaris headlines. Tch.

Students were turned loose with paint, and the guard wall between the construction of building 8 and the rest of the world was covered with mediocre art.

My first term at BCC started to wind down and was close to death.

Exams were coming up. So what.

Don Harvey Bade Farewell and headed for the Time Capsule.

I don't know. I think that it was a bit anti-climatic. Everything was dying down, being so normal.

Nothing really outrageous happened. No big scandals. No bomb scares. The construction of building 8 didn't collapse. I didn't make the Dean's list.

What a term!

It makes me feel like I'm going to a Wholesome American Junior College.

Wholesome!

What a way to go to college. . .

By

Gary

Steele



... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour



... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ...





... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ... Activities



our. . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour

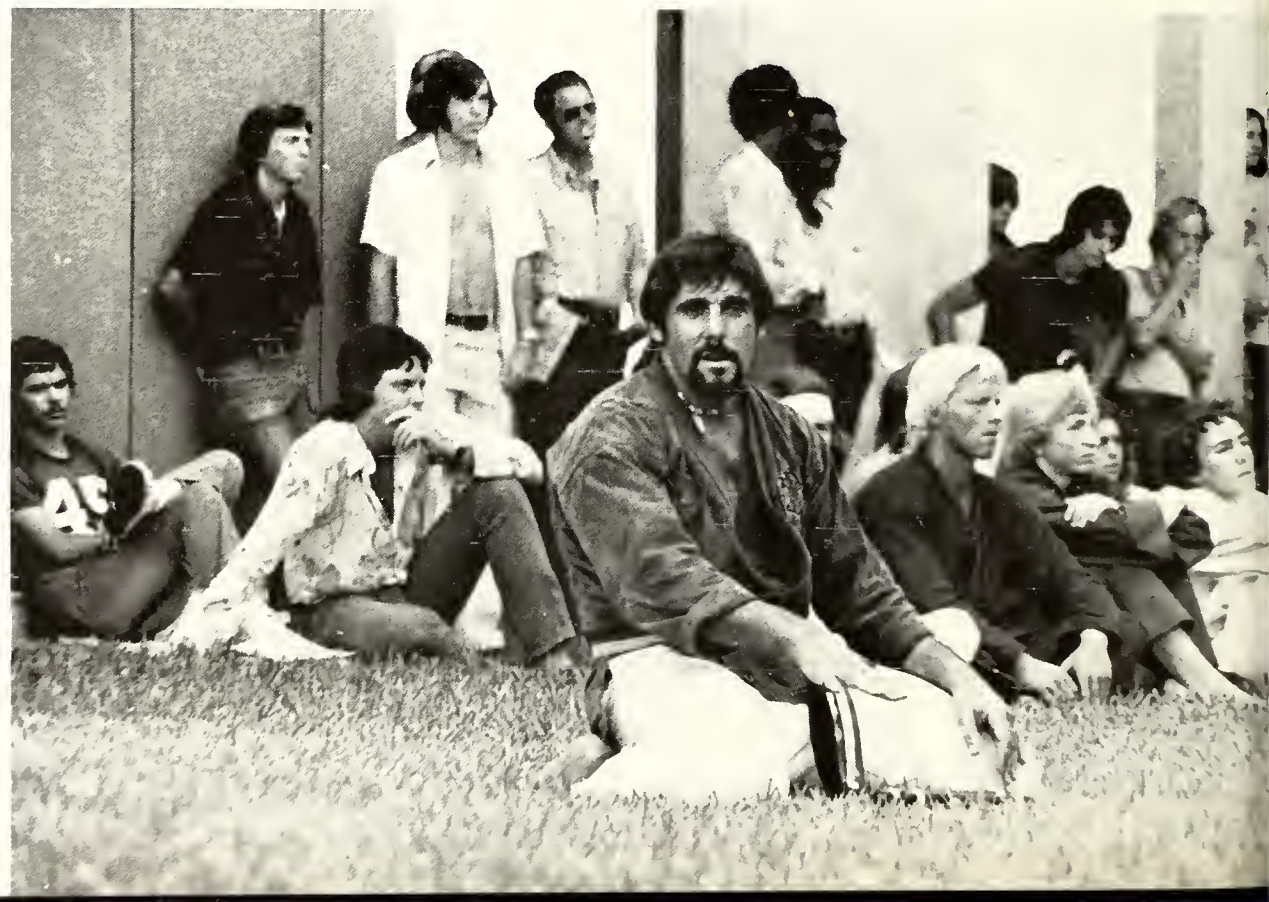




... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour ... Activities Hour

"Something for everyone" would have to be the theme of the 1975-76 "Wednesday at Noon" activities hour.

Organized and supervised by BCCN's own Mrs. Kathy Spanton and Miss Judy Shank, the "Wednesday at Noon" program provided entertainment, insight, and exercise for all who took part.



Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . .

Of the endless and extraordinary list of 1975-76 "Wednesday at Noon" activities, certain ones stand out for "special" reasons — such as:

The WRBD Mobile Unit No. 1's visit to BCCN, featuring local DJ "Mr. James T.". . .

The southern sounds of "Uncle Jubal". . .

The male faculty bake sale with its questionable "home-baked" goodies. . .

The Intramural Olympic Day, brainchild of Intramural Athletic Director Tom Ryan. . .

The enlightening discussion on the controversial Kennedy Assassination, led by members of the investigative group from Cambridge, Massachusetts. . .

The SBA-sponsored activities hour, including the spectacular Westcoast Gospel Chorus of Florida. . .

The faculty-student football game (which the faculty won 21-10). . .

The North Campus Carnival, featuring the wet & wild journalism dunking booth. . .

"The "earth"-shaking sounds of the spaced rock band "Uranus". . .

The "Fatkat" volleyball game which had its "ups and downs" . . .

The talented and world-famous "Up With People" organization, who put on a show that encouraged audience participation. . .

The poetic team of Billy Barbara and Ric Masten and their meaningful poetry — both entertaining and provocative. . .

The performance of popular local singer and songwriter John Day. . .

The moving sounds of the FAU Jazz Ensemble. . .

The interesting and memorable sights, sounds, and tastes of Black Culture Week, including the fashion show and dancers. . .

The appearance of Florida Education Commissioner Ralph Turlington, and his aides Lee Henderson and Joe Olander during Black Culture Week. . .

The singing "Air Force Chorale" Group. . .

The many other exciting activities which, unfortunately, can't be noted due to space limitations, but were every bit as interesting and essential to the program as those mentioned above! ! !





Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities



our . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities Hour . . . Activities



... Blood Drive ... Blood Drive ... Blood Drive ... Blood Drive ... Blood Drive ... Blood Drive ...

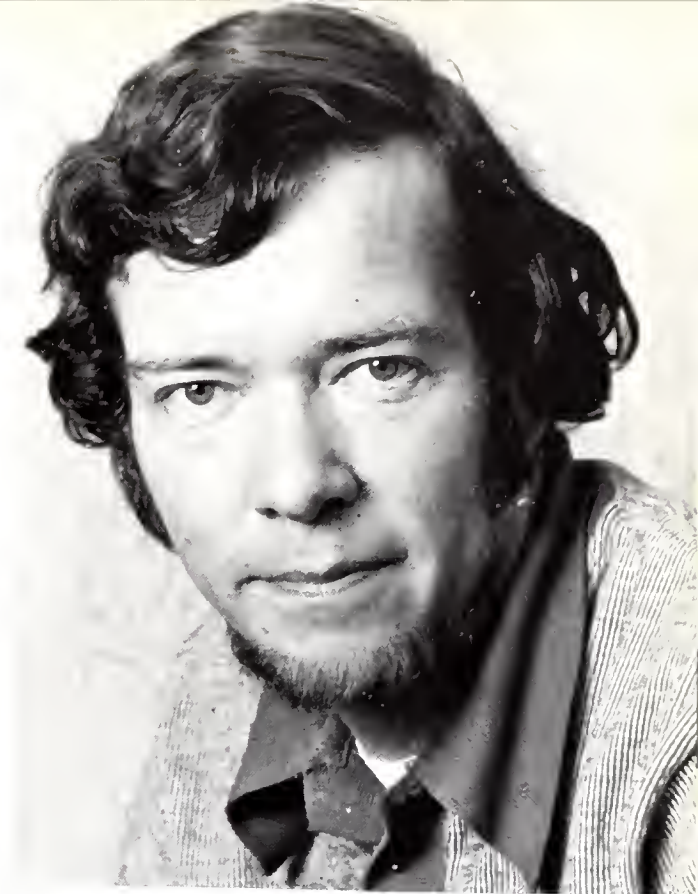


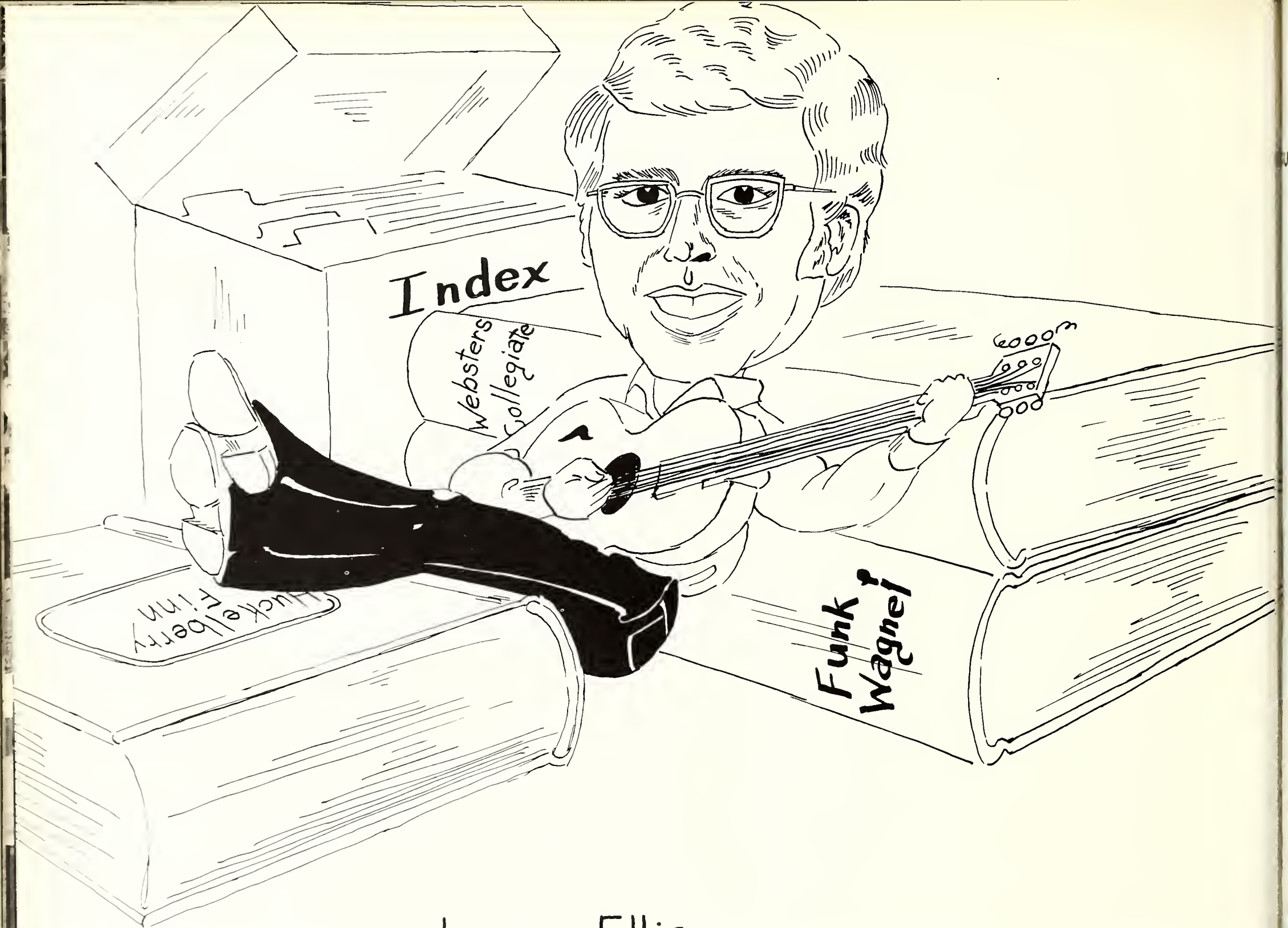
Music . . . Music . . . Music . . . Music . . . Music



The North Campus Music Department, headed by Dr. Thomas Cavendish, has been singing with activity this past year. The Music at Noon program, which performs three Wednesdays a month, has had an overwhelming attendance by students as well as community residents. Performers, including the Choral Air Force Academy plus faculty and student recitals, donate their time and services to the series.

In conjunction with the weekly series the music department also sponsors the North Broward Community Chorus, North Campus Chamber Singers, Youth Symphony and the Coral Springs Band. The ballet, Carmina Burana, was performed last November at Pine Crest School by the choral and ballet groups with a piano accompaniment. Dr. Cavendish says he is satisfied with the popularity of the department's various programs and plans to make them a concrete part of this campus's future.





Larry Ellis

Michael Pilling
5/26

use . . . Coffee House . . . Coffee House . . . Coffee House . . . Coffee House . . . Coffee House . . .

"In retrospect, the second season of the "Home Grown Coffee House" was highly successful and included superior entertainment." Those are the words of Mr. Larry Ellis, co-ordinator and 'Big Chief' of the Coffee House Program.

There were many memorable happenings from this past season's shows. Among the most cherished memories are:

The discovery of new talent in the guises of Mike Barra, George Clark, Lindsay Ryan, and Vicki Rollack. . .

The grasping poetry of Barbara Thurston and Kathy Spanton. . .

The participation of non-students "Thumper" and Gary Feldhammer (who are both accomplished guitarists). . .

The beautiful and rare sounds of the ancient dulcimer, produced by Dr. Grace Iverson. . .

The mushrooming interest in dulcimers among student musicians, thanks to Dr. Iverson. . .

The formation of the blue-grass band "Prairie Dog" by Mr. Larry Ellis. . .

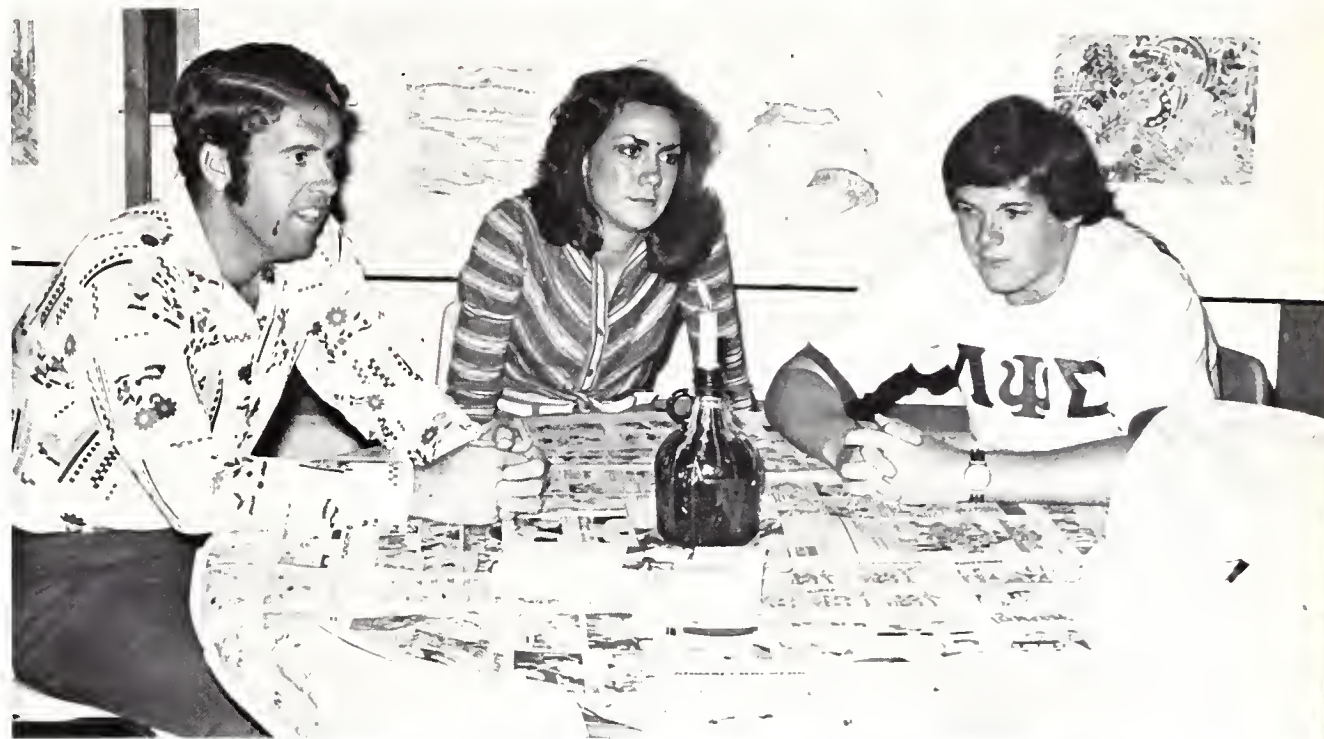
The location change from 10-102 to Building 3 (much to the surprise of the "Coffee House" crew). . .

The switch to outdoor performances in April, and the resultant increase in audience number. . .

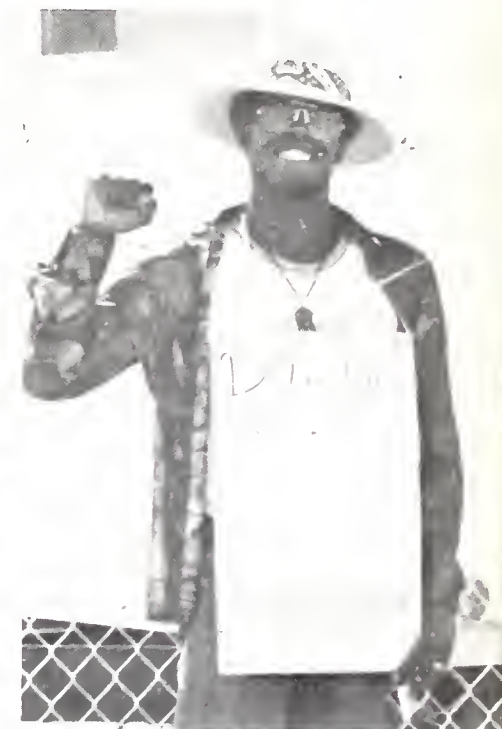
The appearance of unexpected talent and non-students in the audiences. . .

The resurgence in making and listening to folk music, reflected by the entertainers and attentive spectators. . .

The perserverance and dedication of all those involved in the production of the "Coffee House" !!!



... People ... People ... People ... People ... People ... People ... People ... People ...









S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A.



S.B.A. . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . . S.B.A. . . .

Students for Black Awareness was organized for the purpose of developing a secure black society that would expand the awareness of discrimination existing in the desegregated institution.

In keeping with the purposes of the organization, S.B.A. has sponsored two Activities Hour programs, one being the West Coast Gospel Chorus and the other a "Black History Look at Black Music."

The organization has also sponsored two "in the classroom workshops." These workshops center around the city and county governments, communication, how blacks and whites relate and the ever increasing problem of youth in our society. There were over five hundred students in attendance from North Campus at these two

workshop seminars.

S.B.A.'s most celebrated event took place during the week of February 8 through the 15, BLACK HISTORY WEEK. The club later changed the name to "A Bicentennial Salute to Black Culture." This was a week to pay honor to the blacks that have made a contribution to this country. During this week, many events such as the Ms. S.B.A. pageant, professional workshop days, a fashion show, art festival, Afro color days, community service programs and a Young People's Gospel Concert took place.

.....Larcelous Edwards



... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ... S.G.A. ...

S G A , Student Government Association of BCCN, has, in the past year, rebounded to become a highly successful organization on campus.

Revitalized with a unique (in this state) town meeting system, SGA has accomplished many achievements that other, better funded SGA's throughout the state could never hope to accomplish.

Examples of the achievements are: A new sound system for the Student Union, sponsorship of four people to the Women's Assertiveness Program at F.A.U., workshops on the "Buckley Amendment,"

workshops on Equal Access, Equal Opportunity, Formation of an overall Broward Community College Student Governing Board (taking into consideration any items that would affect the college as a whole), a successful voter registration drive that netted 212 new voters, a Bicentennial project (time capsule) and various and sundry others.

Led by astute and farsighted leaders of the campus community, Student Government has been an overall success over the past year and with the new year fast approaching, there are an equal number of leaders to fill the shoes of those departing.



Theta Kappa . . . Phi Theta Kappa . . . Phi Theta Kappa . . . Phi Theta Kappa . . . Phi Theta

The Omega Phi branch of Phi Theta Kappa, the national Junior College honor society, has kept the torch of academic achievement burning here at North Campus.

The fraternity held an induction in November at which about 35 new members received membership cards and certificates. A reception was held after the semi-formal ceremony.

During Orientation week, the members of Phi Theta Kappa were responsible for providing an information table to guide new students.

Phi Theta Kappa, along with Circle K and Phi Beta Lambda, sponsored the successful blood drive held here on North Campus in September, during which Doug Barid, the fraternity's president, volunteered his assistance throughout the day of the drive.





B

Λ

Phi Beta Lambda Phi Beta Lambda Phi Beta Lambda

The North Campus chapter of PHI BETA LAMBDA (business fraternity) received its charter to the national organization on January 2, 1975, being awarded the chapter title GAMMA ALPHA BETA.

The district conference was held at Miami Dade-South on February 8, 1975 in which two members walked away with three awards. Larry Brewton received First Place in the Job Interview competition and Forrest Smorag took home third place in Job Interview and was awarded the prestigious title of Mr. Future Business Executive.

In March of '75, members attended the State Leadership Conference held at the Orlando Sheraton Towers.

Still busy during the summer, members attended the National Leadership Conference.

In September, PHI BETA LAMBDA was the co-sponsor of the Blood Drive.

During the month of October, officers attended the Officers Training Conference at the Fort Harrison Hotel in Clearwater. This entailed workshops and seminars that would benefit the officers in the future.

November was a busy month for the club starting off with their participation in the Fall Festival Carnival. PHI BETA LAMBDA was awarded first prize for the best decorated booth. On the 22nd of November, the North Campus chapter hosted the District Five meeting at Spanish River Park. Among those colleges in attendance were: Indian River Community College, Florida Atlantic University, Miami Dade-South, Central Campus and Florida International University.

Among other activities, the club donated \$50.00 to the Walter Lackey fund.

To bring in money for the club, a fund raising business operation was set up that consisted of selling coffee and bake sale items.

Last year, the club only had seven members; this year they can boast a total of twenty-eight members.

Future plans for PHI BETA LAMBDA include the building of a bus-stop shelter at the entrance to the school. This project will be financed by the club and built by its members.



. Circle K . . . Circle K . . . Circle K . . . Circle K . . . Circle K . . . Circle K . . . Circle K . . .



Throughout the year the Circle K Club has been very active in community activities. They have attended many Kiwanis luncheons and gained insight into the organization's involvement in the community.

In February a special Field Day was held to take eight Cerebral Palsy children to the zoo. The months of March and April found them deeply involved in both environmental and ecological projects on the campus. Thus, keeping the people on North Campus knowledgeable on both subjects. A "Slave Day" was held in April in which members sold themselves for menial labor to raise money to attend the Florida District Convention in Clearwater. Nine members went to the convention and attended seminars on ways to serve the community and the college.

In June the club members assisted the Pompano Kiwanis in their annual golf tournament to raise money for the Boys' Club. Later in the month, the second annual Tri-K Picnic with over one hundred people attending was held at Spanish River Park. . . (Tri-K indicates the three divisions of Kiwanis which are Kiwanis-adults, Circle K-college and Key Club-High School.) During the month, they instituted a tutoring program to aid other college students through courses previously taken by members of the club.

Spanish River Park was again used in July when the members took District Youth Service youths on an outing.

Three events highlighted the month of August. First, members helped the Lighthouse Point Kiwanis Charity Golf Tournament. Then, they went to the International Convention held in Toronto, Canada. Florida had the largest representation at the convention, even

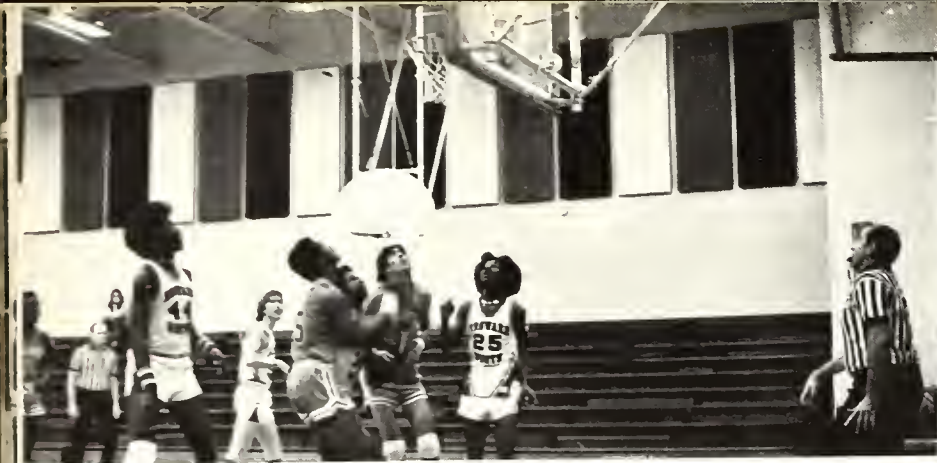
outnumbering the Canadians. Finally, they toured and received orientation at the District Youth Services before beginning their work with "high risk" youths.

September's main project was helping the Deerfield Kiwanis raise money for a high school swimming pool by holding a "Pancake Day." They concluded the month by taking twenty-four Boys' Club members to Synder Park.

The list of officers is as follows:

President	Robert Flanigan
Vice-president	Nancy Stone
Secretary	Janet Simpson
Sgt.-at-Arms	Mitchell Goldman





... Basketball ... Basketball ... Basketball ...

Despite the five returnees and a new coach, the Trotters were still unable to break .500 this year. The five returnees, some of which we said goodbye to at the end of the year, were Doug Augusta, a 6'4" starting guard; forwards Brister Wimbs and Rich Handwerk who are each 6'5"; Henry Brown, 6'6" and Jeff Beal, 6'2". Both Augusta and Brown were injured this season along with freshman Roger Howard. Howard was not the only freshman joining the team, other first-year players included Ward Webster, David Banks, Dennis Brown, Ron Birney, and last, but not least, Keith Miller.

This was also Coach Leon Moore's first year at BCC. Coach Moore graduated from Grambling College in 1971. Prior to his college days, Moore was an Honorable Mention All-American at Tuskegee High School in Alabama. After his graduation from Grambling, Moore became an assistant coach at an Alabama Junior College and then came back to Grambling to work as a coach-recruiter for two years.

There were two games against Central that highlighted this year's schedule and although the Trotters split the two games with the Seahorses, they were both equally exciting and suspenseful. The first game against Central was considered by many to be the upset of the year in Broward County as the Trotters swept by BCC-C by the score of 82-76.

Although the Trotters were hindered by a couple of losing slumps and riddled with injuries, next year's hopes look brighter. This year's freshmen have greatly improved since the beginning of the season and by the time the 1976-77 season rolls along, well. . .



. Basketball . . . Basketball . . . Basketball . . . Basketball . . . Basketball . . .





Women's Sports . . . Women's Sports . . . Women's Sports . . . Women's



Women's athletics at BCC North have put up a fine showing, overcoming such obstacles as lack of facilities and/or audiences to applaud their efforts.

The women's tennis team, coached by Jan Parke, achieved a number one statewide ranking in Junior College competition. The enthusiastic team comprised Yvonne Llarena, captain, Debbie Gawne and Debi von Eepoel, co-captains, Sandy Kennedy, Lisa Eckert, Anna Polihrom, Annette Llarena, Debbie Carnie, Lynne Pitters, and Martha McKeand.

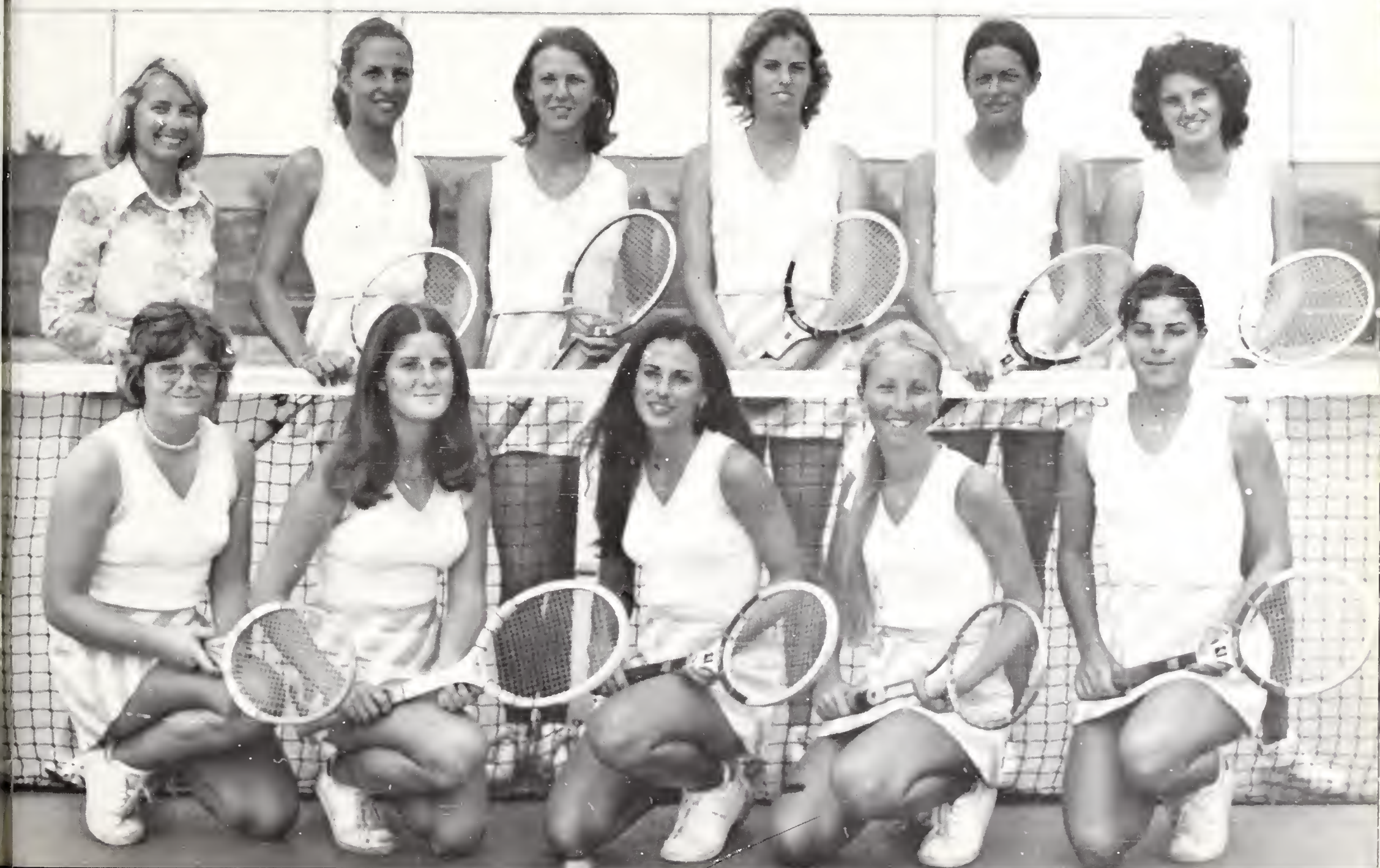
The women's volleyball team, in only its second year of competition, performed well, considering the hardships it encountered — lack of an on-campus gym in which to practice, and the late offering of scholarships which resulted in insufficient recruiting of strong players. The team, under the direction of Jeffe Pruitt, were: Debbie Carnie, Lynne Pitters, Julie DuRica, Margie Sullivan, Kim Holland, Martha McKeand, Sue Blume, Mary McDonough, Debbie Tholey, Karen Campion, and Laurie Crooks.

The women's golf team, which competes all year round, included Karen Dunning, Cathy Knapp, Roberta Merrick, and Cindy Young.

A woman's softball team was organized, under the supervision of Coach Cindy Thuma. The incomplete list of members includes Margie Sullivan, base coach and manager, Karen Straussberger, Sue Bume, Peggy McDougale, Sandra McMeans, Margaret Heinzingle, Melanie Curry, Helen Richey, Anda Andrews, Bonnie Hudson, and Mary McDonough.



.. Women's Sports . . . Women's Sports . . . Women's Sports . . . Women's Sports . . .





Play . . . Play . . . Play . . . Play . . . Play . . . Play . . . P



... Up With People Up With People Up With People Up With People ...



... . Turlington . . . Turlington . . . Turlington . . . Turlington . . . Turlington



... Ric and Billie Barbara Masten . . . Ric and Billie Barbara Masten . . . Ric and Billie Barbara



For one week, North Campus was lucky enough to have their very own poets-in-residence, namely Ric and Billie Barbara Masten.

When I was first informed that Ric and Billie Barbara would be speaking to our class, I was contemplating the beach. After all, two people reciting poetry, one playing a guitar, has never been on my list of top tens. Especially for an hour and a half. Little did I know that in that short hour and a half, new meaning would come into the word poetry (a word I never liked) and I would soon find myself skipping a class just to hear them speak.

Once it was known that Ric and Billie Barbara were to be with us, there was great commotion in finding a room large enough to house us all in addition to two other classes.

Billie Barbara started the morning off by dividing us into four groups. We were then given an emotion and told to pair that emotion with a noise. This may not sound like much of an assignment, but at eight o'clock in the morning the only sounds that I'm used to making are yawns. That assignment finished, Billie Barbara had yet another. This time we were to write down the word that expressed the way we were feeling at the moment and then share it with the group. All of this helped to create a feeling of relaxation and warmth.

Billie Barbara then read to us her poetry, her thoughts, her life. . . Reading to us from her journal, she took us on a journey to the past and brought us up to the NOW. When asked where she gets her ideas for her poetry, Billie Barbara told us that she logs her dreams and that a large portion of her writings are taken from



Masten . . . Ric and Billie Barbara Masten . . . Ric and Billie Barbara Masten . . . Ric and Billie

this journal. "Get creativity from your dreams, exercise not exorcise them."

When Ric made mention of that dreaded word "middle age", Billie Barbara was quick to correct. "It's not middle age, it's your second transition of growth." With smile widening, nose crinkling and eyes dancing, we couldn't help but learn from this woman.

"I am a field of glittering, sparkling stars
of night

three men in black

two cars

I AM

Billie Barbara."

Many of you may remember Ric from the 50's and his songs, "I WAS A TEENAGE CREATURE" and "THERE'S A WEREWOLF MOON." Ric's come a long way since those songs were written, both professionally and humanistically.

Ric writes his poetry to be heard, for oral interpretation rather than the written page. For when Ric presents his poetry to you, you know that you are being taken on a personal journey through his life. You are there to experience the smooth sailing and rocky roads just as he did.

When asked what Ric thought of North Campus, his answer was to the point, "Very together." Ric then went on to say that he was a bit disappointed. No one interrupted his lecture and no one was rude. This didn't give him a chance to lecture or scold, something he likes to do on occasion.

"I suppose anyone fat-headed enough
to stand up in front of more

than one person

deserves what he gets."

With Ric, we didn't have to ask questions, he told us how he felt. "It's the going that's good, not the getting there." Maybe that was his answer to our unasked question on his philosophy of life.

Besides being a poet, Ric, is also an ordained Unitarian Minister. "But don't tell them that before I come to speak, don't give 'em the chance to think that I am here to preach. Let them hear me and then they can decide. How do you know until you try?"

During the course of the interview, Ric was talking about Bob Dylan. "You know, if Bob were to come here today and sing a few songs, most people would come to see the thing, not to hear what he has to say. If I ever make it big — weep for me. As it is now, you come to listen to me because you want to." "There's a difference between a fan and a friend. A fan loves you because of your beauty, a friend loves you in spite of all your faults. A friend will tell you to shut up when they're tired of you but a fan will let you keep rambling."

Everything Ric talks about is a story and he himself is a story, but, according to Ric, "every human being is a pile of stories in himself."

I told Ric that I wished we could keep him around a little while longer and his answer was "No you don't! You see, I'm here for a short time and when I leave, you'll still love me, but if I was here for any longer, you'd get sick of me. It's like bullshit, you spread it around and things grow, but if you dump it all in one place — things die."

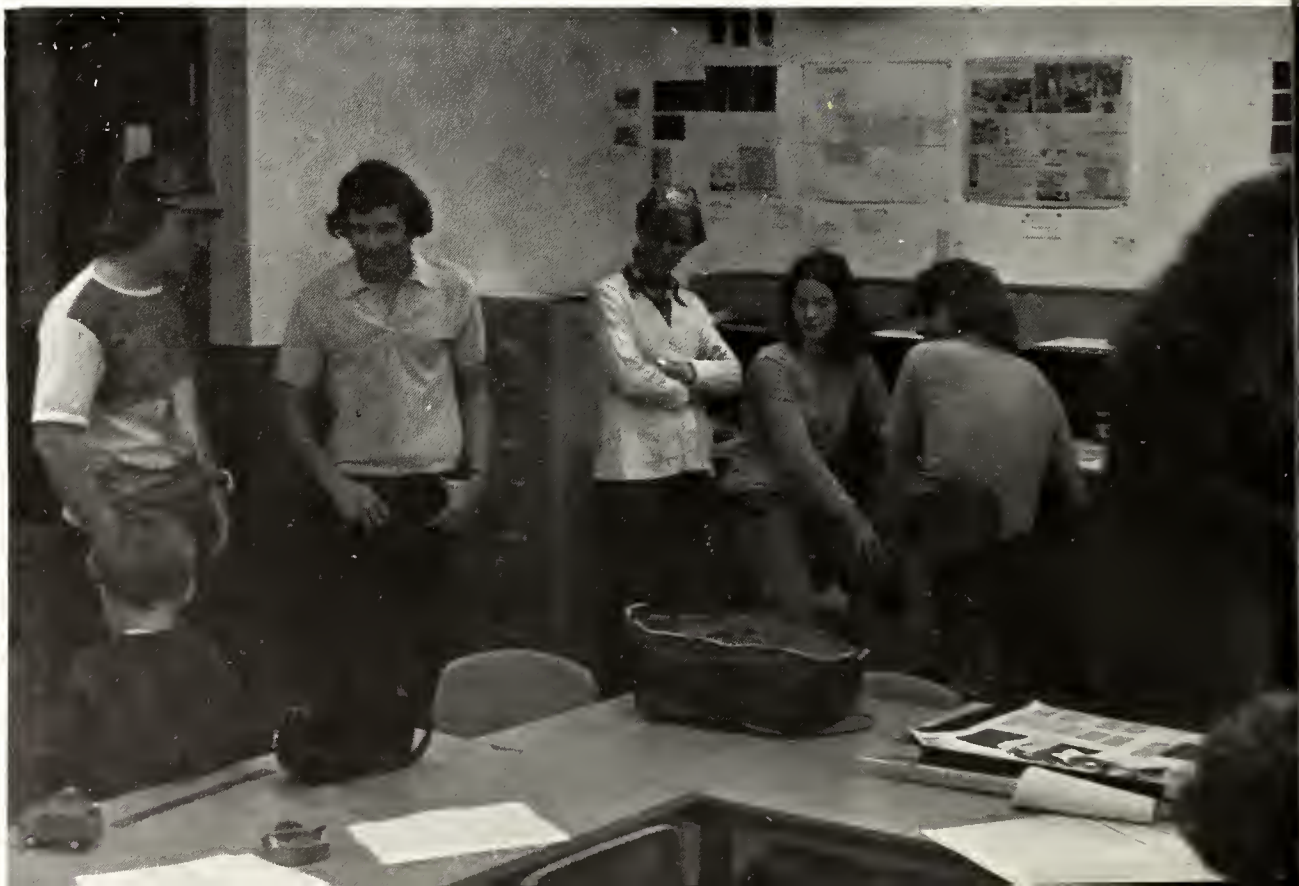
. . . . Pat Callahan

e . . Barbara Masten . . . Ric and Billie Barbara Masten . . . Ric and Billie Barbara Masten . . .





... JOURNALISM ... Poseidon ... Polaris ... Strobe ...



... Poseidon ... Polaris ... Strobe ... JOURNALISM ... Poseidon ... Polaris ... Strobe ...





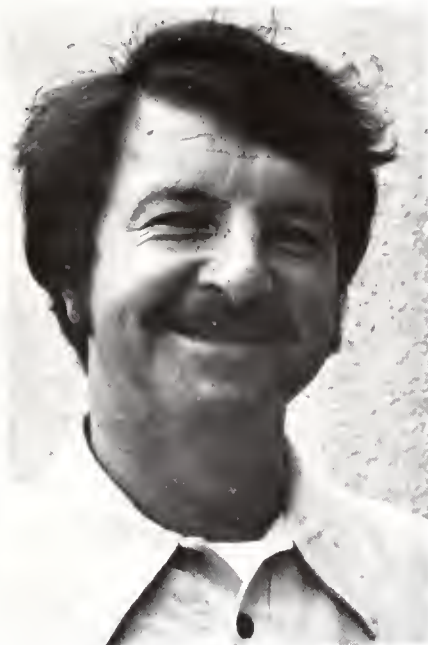
Robert Meeker

*Mike R. Hanger
1/76*

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Dr. Roy Church

Michael R. Lamm
2 '76



... Graduates ... Graduates ... Graduates ... Graduates ... Graduates

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 Harrison, Teresa Faye
 Harvey, Don Scott
 Hison, Patricia Sutherland
 Hoerst, Norman Henry
 Hoffman, Richard Lester
 Kempf, Helen-Ann
 Kepler, Gary J.
 Kessler, Jeffery Lloyd
 Kobus, Eileen Patricia
 Lankheim, Penelope Diane
 Larson, Randall James
 Leisenfelt, Donald G.
 Lifland, Lawrence Stephen
 Lodge, Edw

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Abbatiello, Elisa A.
 Andrews, Anda Vivia
 Argo Jr., Robert Earl
 Barthe, Jerry Allen
 Beal, William Jeffrey
 Beissner, Norman Elmer
 Chaffin, Richard Lewis
 Cournoyer, John Henry
 Denvir, Lisa Anne
 Dietz, Joseph Russman
 Dilworth, Carole Anne
 Fanelli, Debra Ann
 Findley, Constance Ellen
 Fleischmann, Robin Maria
 Gilbert, Kenneth James
 Harmon, Sarah Jean
 Harris, Bonnie Butler

Loricchio, David Frank
 McCoy, James Richard
 Miller, Sandra Lynne
 Pavlik, Mitchell Richard
 Reynolds, Sherilyn Ivy
 Ritchason, Robert Lee
 Ruther, Steven howard
 Sarel, CarolAnn
 Sellner, Susan Virginia
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 Spudeas, Christina L.
 Standish, Judy
 Steger, Elizabeth Ann
 Stravino, Anthony Peter
 Tipper, David John
 Turner, Patricia B.
 Walleser Jr., Alfred Henry
 Weber, Charles Henry

Williams, Kevin Mark
 Zaken, Flora J.
 Zangrando, Linda S.
 Zatco, Margaret J.

AS IN AEROSPACE TECHNOLOGY

Redman, Thomas Lee

AS IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Johnson, David Martin
 Karsten, Pamela Lynn
 O'Neill, Kathleen Rene

AS IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Horn, John Martin

AS IN NURSING

Alsum, Linda Kay
 Bennett, Mary Katherine
 Bowness, G. Juanita
 Briest, Helen L.
 Donohue, Sister Ruth James
 Flatt, Jennifer Marie
 Forbes, Erica E.
 Fuller, Valerie Jeanette
 Healey, Margie Gray
 Jacobs, Ernest H.
 Jenny, Joan McCue
 Leonard, Patricia L.
 Lindley, Bandra J.

Markland, Carol Margaret King
 Meyer, Nancy L.
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 Spect, Susan Kay
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 Fiscina, Charles Arthyr
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 Lewis, Philip Diamond
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 Olshan, Paul Harvey

. Graduates . . . Graduates . . . Graduates . . . Graduates . . . Graduates . . . Graduates . . .

Paterline, Victoria King
Polihrom, Anna
Provencial, Yvonne Marie
Shanklin, Linda Jeanne
Shatsky, Sheree Leigh
Smorag, Forrest Jan
Theoharis, Konstantine
Turner, Ronald Wayne
Vogelsang, Gregory Galen
Waite, Loren Dayton
Westcott, David Callahan

AS DEGREE IN AIRLINE CAREERS

Sheidan, Denise Neda

AS DEGREE IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Buturla Jr., John Anthony (Purchasing Mang.)
Gollakner, Clement James (General Business)

AS DEGREE IN MEDICAL ASSISTING

Graham, Andrea Lee
Scovern, Shelly
Yochum, Pamela

AS IN POLICE SCIENCE TECHNOLOGY

Madeline Sr., Joseph Edward

AS IN POLLUTION CONTROL TECHNOLOGY

Spitz, William Melvin

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Beach, Wanda Kay
Brock, Karen Hazel
Dennis, Michele Ellen
Foster, Donna C.
Jacobs, Louise
Kronk, Patricia
Pilling, Donna Ruth
Rossi, Victoria Lynne
Shine, Bobbye C.
Stewart, Callie L.

Thompson, Vivian Ming
Tolton, Ann Marie
Vogel, Elizabeth Ann
Willett, Gale E.

AS IN POLLUTION PREVENTION

Piri, Manuel F.

**Certificate Candidate for Graduation Term II,
May 3, 1976**

CERTIFICATE IN ACCOUNTING

Wolfe, Virginia Carolyn









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